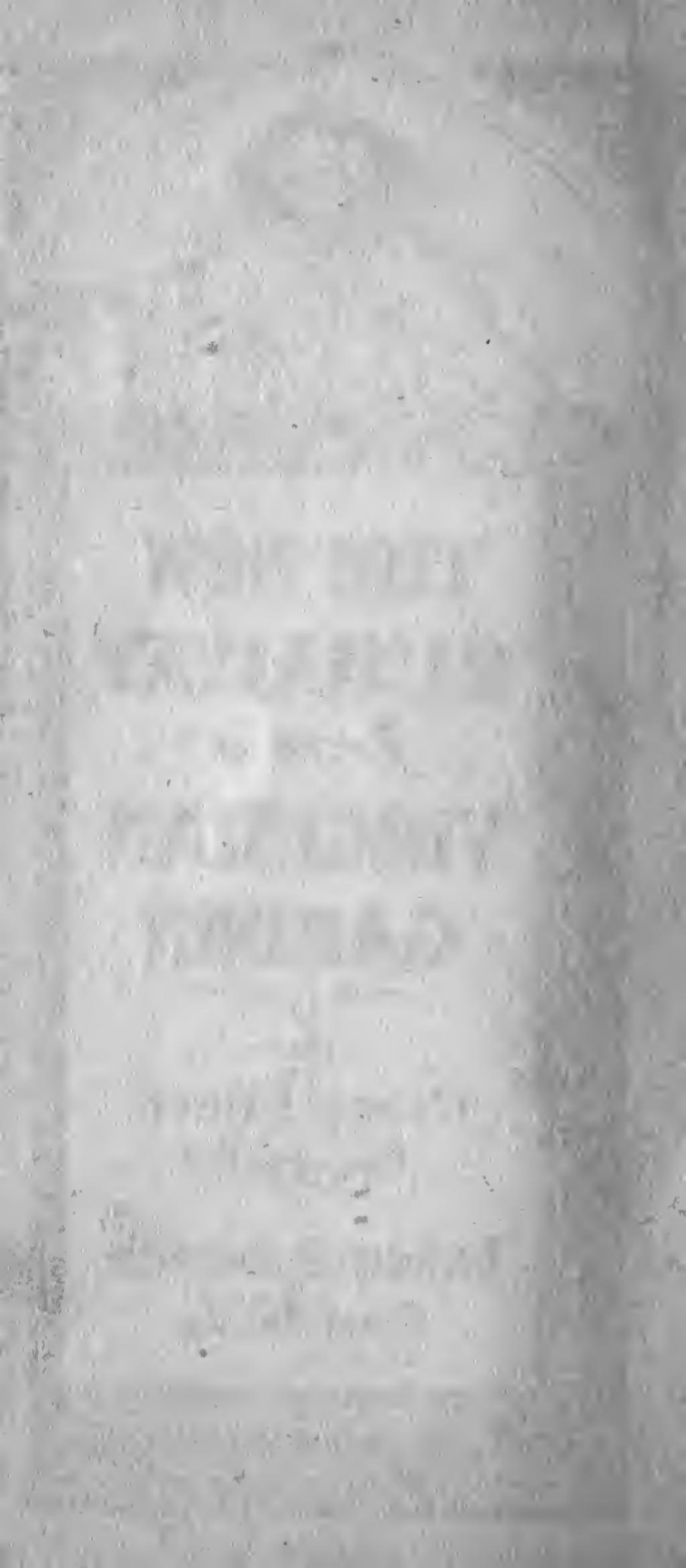


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The
NEW
Rubaiyat
FROM A
VIRGINIAN
GARDEN







THE NEW
RUBAIYAT
From a
VIRGINIAN
GARDEN

By
GEORGE F. VIETT
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No. 1

A theme which will be deliberated
by the loftiest minds, ages after you
and I, like streaks of morning cloud,
shall have melted into the infinite
azure of the past.

Prof. John Tyndall.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires.

Young.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest
well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this
fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Addison.

Still seems it strange, that thou
shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst
live at all?
THIS is a miracle, and THAT no
more.

Young.

Who knows but life be that which
men call death, and death what men
call life.

Euripides.

O canst thou, my Soul, from the store
of thy learning
Bring counsel to hallow the hopes of
the heart?

Viett.

Dedicated to
The Saintly Sisterhood
Faith, Mercy, and Peace,
And the Cause of Humanity as
Served by
The American Red Cross
Society,

To Whom will be Donated the
Profits derived from all
Editions of this Work
For a period of one year.

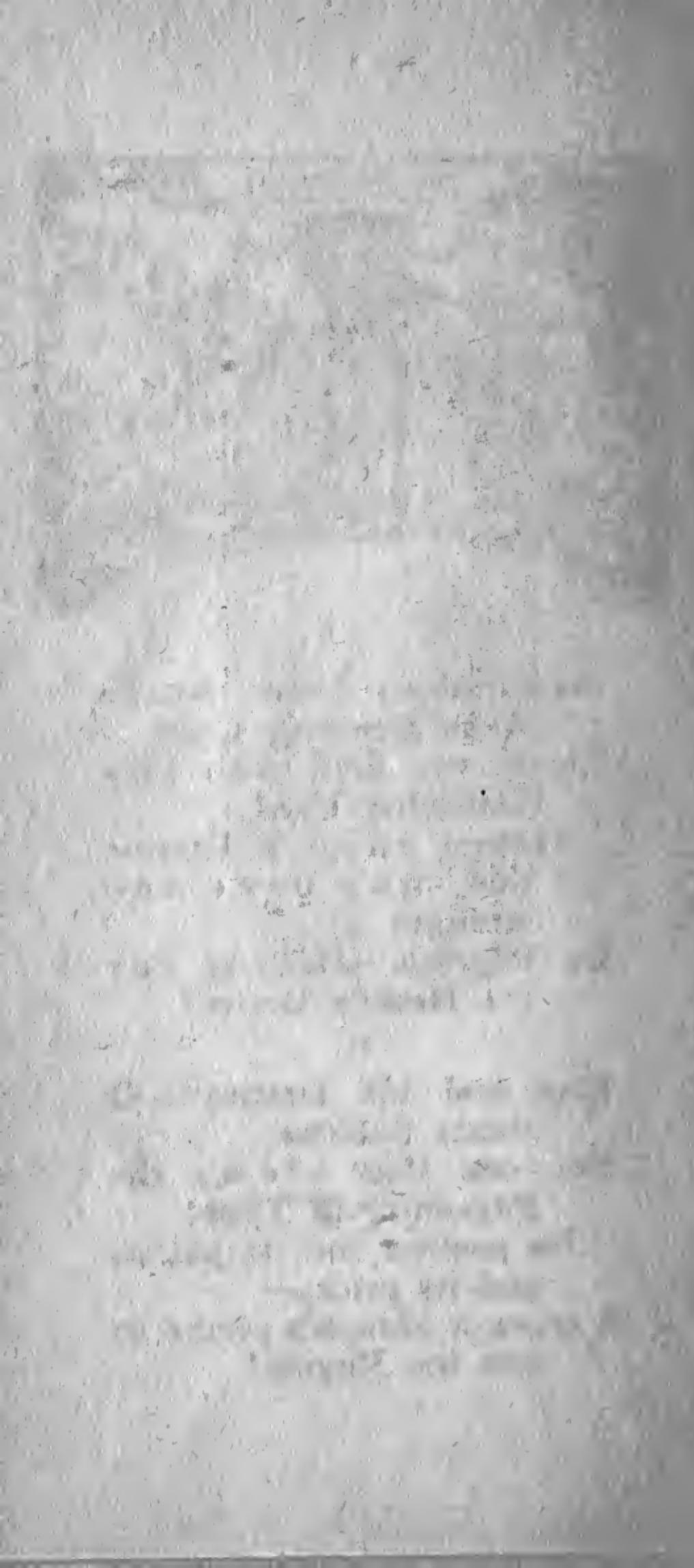
In Solemn Protest Against
War and Its Horrors
Now Desolating the Ancient
Places of Civilization
and Christianity.

A. D. MCMLXIV





What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and sup-
port;
That, to the height of this great
argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.
Milton.





I
Hail—Saintly Muse! Awake
thine Heavenly Choir,
Illume my Soul with thy
Divinelier Fire!

Prompt thou a Passion
that may urge the
strength
Of Pilgrims searching for
the Heart's Desire!

II

Man and his Destiny—O
theme Sublime
For one that views the
Pageantry of Time!
Its passion and its pathos
and its pride,—
I crave a Seraph's plume to
pen my Rhyme!

III

Awake O Soul that seeks a
holier Light
Than drives the Stars from
off the Field of Night!
Behold the Rising of the
Sun of Faith —
The hosts of Darkness and
of Doubt to smite!

IV

Come fill the bowl at this
reviving Stream,
For Life is brief, and
Youth's enchanting
dream
Is but the Phantom of a
Glory lost
Adown that Vista where the
Shadows teem.

V

Amid the Babble and the
Noise outside,
Methought a Voice above
the uproar cried —
“Come to the Temple
where the True God
hears
The pleading Soul, and
throws the Portals
wide!”

VI

And as the Sun rose some
that stood within
The Shadow, shouted—
“Tell us not of Sin,
Life is too brief to waste
in Litanies,
Let us fare forth our Wine
and Joy to win.”

VII

Before the shadows of the
last were sped,
Another Voice from out the
Silence said—
“I still remain, my name is
Blasphemy,
I will abide though all the
rest be fled!”

VIII

But better Voices drowned
the hateful sound—
“At least You shall not stay
on Holy ground,
Brief is your time to curse
the pleasant Earth,
And in this Temple you shall
not be found!”

IX

Far from the noisy Crowd
let us retire
To warm our Hearts by
Spring's enchanting
Fire;
Bring thou old Khayyam's
Verse, and let us seek
With him, the Pathway to
the Heart's Desire.

X

For we be Seekers after
Truth and Light,
And 'ere the Shadows fall to
dim our sight,
We must determine on the
Way and Guide
For that last Journey
through the Vale of
Night.

XI

For this we know, that Life,
so dear and sweet
Ends — with thy Love in
yonder lone retreat.
Man and his moil, his
laughter and his tears,
Are as the hollow sounds of
Phantom feet —

XII

That patter through the
crumbling Halls of
Time,
Where the loud Horologe
sounds its warning
chime
And strikes the Hour of
Doom, to bid the Guests
Fare forth into the bleak
Night's alien Clime.

XIII

Here then amid the Song-
ster's caroling,
Where blushing Roses rarest
incense fling,
Come thou to worship,
and let Sorrow learn
The infinite Compassion of
the Spring.

XIV

For Spring has come: the
light of Golden days
Is mellow on bright fields
and woodland ways;
And all the World is
Beauty newly born,
And every living Thing
hymns forth its Praise!

xv

The Garden's glory glows to
Heav'n again,
For gentle floods of Sun-
shine and of Rain
Have lured the Rose its
blushing folds to spread,
While joyous Songsters sing
their love refrain.

xvi

You cry,—“It nought avails
that Spring is sweet,
My Love lies buried here
beneath our feet,
My heart lies with her in
the silent Dust,
Canst thou recall Her from
her lone retreat!”

xvii

“Erstwhile we roamed amid
these joyous Flowers,
No thought of Grief had we,
the Golden Hours
Sped on, for Life and Love
were by my side;
Canst thou recall Her to
these haunted bowers!”

XVIII

“The Birds lament, their
song is full of pain,
They seem to cry—Will She
not come again?
Is this gulf Death so fath-
omless and wide
That thou thy Love may
nevermore regain!”

XIX

And so thou canst not in the
fire of Spring
The desolation of thy sad
Heart fling!
Yet May — rose-garlanded
— cries out “Behold,
Not leaden Death, but
golden Life a-wing!”

XX

I sing the Resurrection, and
my Prayer
Is answered by the green
Earth everywhere;
Decay and Death! These
are but other names
For Change; behold It in
this Garden fair!

XXI

See! even Here thy Love is
glorified,
For long has She the Grave
and Death denied!
This very Rose that smiles
above her Clay
Is part of Her, for Lo — 'tis
Eastertide!

XXII

Witness thy Science, O ye
Cynical,
Behold this Body rise, a
Miracle!
Thou canst not grant the
tiniest atom lost,
'Twill live again in Rose or
Star — It Will!

XXIII

Come with old Khayyam's
Book and let us scan
Its sad perplexities of Plot
and Plan,
The Why and What, the
Whence and Where of
Life
That thwart and fret the
searching Soul of Man.

xxiv

Beware this Persian rhyme!
And here confess
We read it but for its rare
loveliness,
Holding our Faith despite
the siren chant
That lures to Doubt with
Melody's caress!

xxv

Enmeshed in measures of
enchanted Song,
The dazzling numbers lead
thy Soul along
The paths of Pleasure and
the ways of Doubt,
But nowhere minds thee of
the Right or Wrong.

xxvi

And Reason reels into the
artful Snare,
And Hope and Faith are
tangled unaware
Amid the spell of Passion's
plaints — that seem
Like Angel anthems raised
in Holy prayer.

XXVII

So was I led, my better Self
to grieve,
By Sophistries the Mind
would fain believe,
But soon my Soul re-
turned a Penitent
And cried to Heaven—
pleading — for reprieve.

XXVIII

When then these luring lines
you pensive' read,
Know that 'tis not my wish
thy steps to lead
Adown the paths unblest
of Faith and Hope;
I love them for their Beauty
— not their Creed.

XXIX

Let Faith unshaken bear the
searching test;
There is no balm in Omar
for the breast
Where Life burns low.
When Death's dark en-
signs pall
The Creed of Passion is but
sorry Jest.

XXX

Yet this, old Poet, I will
grant to thee—
That thou hast sung Fate's
sweetest litany,
And on the brow of Love
hath pressed a wreath
Of Roses rich to rarest
Melody.

XXXI

No more confounded with
thy Sophistry
I yield my raptured heart
and ear to thee,
And tread the mazes of
thy Garden fair
Mid crimson Roses lost in
ecstasy.

XXXII

When wearied of the rau-
cous noisy crew
Of Scribes and Rhymesters
that obstruct the View,
I turn disdainful of their
insolence
To soothe my Spirit with
thy Music true.

XXXIII

Wherfore, sweet Singer, at
thy Shrine I bend,
And to the music of thy
Song ascend
Above the din of voices
violent,
That fret my Spirit and my
ears offend.

XXXIV

On Beauty's brow thou hast
a Garland bound,
And Love by thee a Deity is
crowned
To haunting melodies that
move the soul
Of Sympathy, with concord
of sweet sound.

XXXV

Thus oft' an halcyon hour
I've spent with Thee
Wrapt in the Spell, lost in
the Mystery
Of Life and Death, and all
the tangled Maze —
The "Why" and "How" of
Human Destiny.

xxxvi

Ah, yes, I know my Rubaiyat
full well,
Soul-soothing melodies that
banish Hell
But leave us reft of
Heaven, and the Soul —
The very Soul affrighted at
its spell!

xxxvii

Yet this I know — and rest
my Trust upon —
The old World rolls beneath
the kindly Sun,
And God is Love, Heaven
is o'er our heads,
And Conscience tells that
Heaven must be won.

xxxviii

The Clay may rear its vain
Philosophies,
Life cannot answer all Life's
mysteries;
The angel Death, He "of
the darker drink,"
'Tis through His touch alone
the Spirit sees.

XXXIX

What thoughtful Soul may
view unmoved the pain
Of Human hearts; the cruelty of Gain;
The Passion and the
Pathos of a World
Where Innocence and Virtue
plead in vain,—

XL

And not discern a Refuge in
the Sky
Whereto the outraged Souls
of Men may fly—
The Scales of God his
Love and Wrath to
weigh—
With Retribution's flaming
sword nearby?

XLI

Thus much, old Omar, I'll
not yield to thee—
I will nor hail nor praise thy
blasphemy;
I do protest—by Love's
Immortal Soul
Protest— the Dust is not
my Destiny!



XLII

Awake O Soul! The Light
that Sinai shed
To guide the Living, sancti-
fy the Dead,
Is mingled with Salvation's
Light that beams
From Calvary's crest where
the Anointed bled!

XLIII

O Thou Great Spirit of
Eternity!
That of the Starry Clay
didst fashion me,
Gave me this Habitation,
and this Robe
Of Flesh, to veil awhile thy
Majesty —

XLIV

Let me no more lament, nor
Duty shirk!
I am a Fragment of Thy
Handiwork,
A Piece that fits in Thine
eternal Plan
Wherein unmeasured poten-
cy may lurk!

XLV

O tell me not in Discourse
or in Song —
From Night and Chaos came
the Joyous Throng
Of Life, and Light, and
Loveliness, and all
These Earthly Kingdoms
that to them belong!

XLVI

Ye worldly-Wise! The very
Grass defies
Your Logic, and yon airy
Songster cries
Unto its Love—" 'Tis Lies!
Believe it not!
We hold Truth's mirror to
their blinded eyes!"

XLVII

Nay! Not from Chaos or
the barren Night
My Spirit rose, but with the
Morning Light
It came, rejoicing in the
Smile of God
Who winged it then for its
Eternal flight!

XLVIII

Dare ye deny that unto
Some was given
Answer to their prayers,
when in some Vision—
Born of a splendid mo-
ment's Ecstasy—
They glimpsed the Secret in
a flash from Heaven!

XLIX

Deem not because thou dost
not see the Light
There is no Light; mayhap
'tis lack of sight,
Or perhaps thou treadest
some dim miry track
From whence thou canst not
see the Signs aright.

L

What petty things our
Vision may obscure!
Because thou dost not see
be not too sure
There's nought to see; thy
biased point of view
Or cecity, a step aside may
cure:

LI

Once from my garden path
a Star I sought
And sought in vain, and
stood in silent doubt;
One pace I moved, when
Lo, the prospect
cleared —
There beamed the World a
leaf had blotted out!

LII

Ye that with Rule and Line
would measure Him,
And with your Logic bind
the Seraphim,
Whence came this won-
drous Reason that ye
urge
To prove You Nothing, and
Faith's light to dim?

LIII

If Man be Nothing and his
Life a Dream,
His Reason then is Nothing,
it must seem;
And Nothing, then, by
Nothing thus defined
Shows Nothing has but
Nothing for its theme!

LIV

If thus by Logic we may
Nothing be,
Were it not well O Friend
for You and Me
To leave old barren Rea-
son to her way,
And rise with Faith to some
Reality?

LV

Amidst the Dust of this dim
Shadow-Land,
Bound by the two Eternities
I stand,
Myself unto Myself a
Mystery,
Seeking all Secret things to
understand.

LVI

Like phantom Pilgrims
through a Vale of Fears,
We journey on with laugh-
ter or with tears,
Hope, Faith, and Memory,
the only Lights
To guide our footsteps
through the dark'ning
years.

LVII

Blest Sisterhood — Hope,
Faith, and Memory!
Bright Trinity of Life — it
is through Ye
We read the purpose of
our Earthly way
And find the pathway to
Felicity!

LVIII

Hope, Faith, and Charity,
Genius, and Love!
May Chance or Reason these
define or prove?
And would'st thou bind to
Dust with Logic's chain
These Saintly Graces winged
to soar Above!

LIX

Preach not to me of "Reason's crowning light!"
'Tis but the reflex of that
Deeper Sight
By Inspiration and Emo-
tion given
To wing the Soul for its
Divinelier flight!

LX

Imagination is an Attribute
Of Soul; Ye that this Truth
seek to confute,
And Fancy to the sullen
Earth confine,
Give for her Realm a sorry
substitute!

LXI

O Death—dread Minister of
Time and Space!
Beyond these confines Thou
no more shalt trace
And claim thy subject
Clay. Beyond the Grave
Is Life Eternal by the Mas-
ter's grace!

LXII

O Life — upon yon myriad
Worlds I see
Thy bright Light beating,
full and far and free,
Before which shrinks the
awful Spectre, back
To its one Refuge 'neath the
fateful Tree —

LXIII

Of Eden's grove, that Sor-
row-haunted spot
Where Hell's accursed Trin-
ity the Plot
Devised; perchance the
self-same Garden where
Old Omar sought the Truth
— and found it not!

LXIV

Let Science ridicule and
Learning flout,
There IS some Dark Con-
spiracy about —
Whose utterings and mut-
terings assail
The Soul within, and work a
Curse without!

LXV

“Nature is God and all the
Rest absurd”

Ye cry — “Seek There and
you shall find your
Lord!”

Yet still Ye search in vain,
and evermore

Come back with empty
hands and idle word!

LXVI

I sent my Soul 'mid Nature's
shrines to seek

Some Answer, but the Dumb
god could not speak

Except to tell of Penalties
and Pains,

Of cruel sport of Strong
against the Weak.

LXVII

She gave no Sign my ardent
Heart to swell,

In all her Book one passage
could I spell —

No more,—“Who worship
Me their god I am,

And unto them I am both
Heaven and Hell.”

LXVIII

Nor yonder Sky, nor Earth
from Pole to Pole
Life's Mystery unveiled; nor
Voice nor Goal
Was there; nor Sign nor
Answer did I find;
The Silence heaped its vast-
ness on my Soul!

LXIX

Then unto Him who works
behind her Screen
I lifted up my voice — O
Thou Serene
And Mighty One, raise me
from Bondage dire,
Grant me the Vision for the
Things Unseen!

LXX

I sent my Soul into the
Night's Abyss,
Anon my Soul returned and
told me this —
“The Darkness is but
Shadow of the Clay,
Upon the screen of Life a
Shade it is!”

LXXI

Beyond the Night's abyss
 my Soul I sent,
And knocking at each Starry
 door it went,
 And this the Message, it
 brought back to Earth —
Doubt is Within, Without
 all is Content!

LXXII

Or where old Saturn rolls
 his Circled orb,
Or where the Pleiades in
 splendor throb,
 The Universal Anthem
 ever told —
God is the Soul, Creation is
 His Robe!

LXXIII

“Monstrous Conceit!” I
 cried, “That Man should
 trust
And urge his Reason to the
 “Why” and “Must,”
 Deeming the Wisdom of
 the Universe
Confined upon his whirling
 Speck of Dust!”

LXXIV

O Sophist—that with sullen
Heart doth flout
The Prophets, and the Pray-
ers of the Devout!
'Tis Thou perversely Blind
that wilt not see
The Spirit-Light that sheds
its beams Without!

LXXV

May Reason measure all the
Mighty Things
And portion them to petty
Questionings?
Go Scorer first, and in
thy Wisdom find
The Secret of the Bird that
yonder sings!

LXXVI

O Nobler far, an Universe
wherein
The Soul may soar forever
questioning,
Forever mounting to the
One True Light
That single burns through
all the clouds of Sin.

LXXVII

Though strange perplexities
enwrap my Lot,
And weak my Vision to
divine the Plot,
Thus much is clear—
“Where Death is I am
Not,”
And clearer still—“Where
I am Death is Not.”

LXXVIII

I lived Before, yet know not
how, or where;
Dim intimations come, and
Visions fair
Of purest Presences, and
pleasant plains,
And halcyon joys in which I
had a share.

LXXIX

Herein, methinks, “Reincar-
nation” holds
Clue to the Secret that
nought else unfolds—
That Spirits pass and
choose their heaven or
hells
Through myriad forms that
mundane Nature
moulds

LXXX

Out of the Past we came —
my Love and I,
Stamped with the seal of
Immortality,
And ever purer, stronger,
we shall grow;
For that which Ever Was
will Never Die!

LXXXI

Past, Present, Future — sol-
emn Trinity,
Enfolds the measure of our
Destiny!
Death is but passing
through the Shadows
deep
That guard the secrets of
Divinity.

LXXXII

Out of the Past's Eternity
we came,
In the great Mother's bosom
burned the flame
Of Life, that burst at last
to Consciousness;
And she will not deny her
offspring's claim!

LXXXIII

Immortal there—I shall Immortal be,
All of the mighty Past finds Life in me;
And not until they shall blot out what Was
Shall they deny me Immortality!

LXXXIV

With Christ and Plato thus I do confess
The Faith that holds the anodyne to Bless:
Eternal Life is mine by God's decree—
Here, Now, I feel the Infinite caress!

LXXXV

'Ere thou shalt name my Hope a phantasy,
'Ere thou canst claim my Creed but ecstasy,
'Ere thou durst vow no God to hear my prayer
And this brief Life the sole Reality —

LXXXVI

First search the myriad
Worlds in yon Abyss
And find no spot secure to
Faith and Bliss,
And bringing back nor
Hope nor ray of Light,
Still would I cry — "Here,
in my Soul, IT IS!"

LXXXVII

From old Deceits and newer
Heresies,
From dismal Doubts and
brazen Blasphemies,
From impious Pedant and
Philosopher
Distorting Truth with
learned Sophistries —

LXXXVIII

Good Lord deliver us! That
we may view
But That which is Thine
Own, and ever True;
And with confusion smite
the God-less band
That bring pollution to the
Shrine of You!

LXXXIX

Disdainful Pedants — with
your pride of Mind —
That all Man's questionings
to Logic bind,
What Tidings bring ye of
the Outer Way?
And what avails it all when
Dust-consigned!

xc

O Ye, of sullen Heart and
cold disdain,
That mock at Faith and seek
to make it plain
Hope's but a phantom?
Why! the Soul protests
The Hand that fashioned It
wrought not in vain!

xcI

My Spirit — Passion-winged
— It mounts and soars,
And spurns your Prison bars
and bolted doors!
Reason is but the Mount
from which it wings
Its higher Flight to seek for
nobler Shores!

XCII

Upon the wakened wonder
of my Soul
The deeper Harmonies o f
Nature roll,
Earth, Sea a n d Sky in
melody proclaim
With equal voice — the Liv-
ing God's control.

XCIII

This God-like Hope deep in
my Heart, it tells
What all thy Dusty Logic
vainly spells
Of Truth. Not purpose-
less and false 'twas set,
And not in vain within the
Soul it dwells.

XCIV

I know but little, but thus
much I know —
That Death, which gathers
all things here below,
Is but a Means unto some
viewless End;
By Nature's Law, and Faith.
that much I know!

XCV

Indeed I have in raptured
moments caught
Flashes of Truth by Reason
vainly sought,
The momentary parting of
the Veil
Revealed that which no
Logic ever taught.

XCVI

And in such instant did my
Spirit seem
To catch a glimpse of the
Eternal Scheme
Wherein the Past and
Future merged in One
Reality, and Earth was but
a Dream!

XCVII

There, in the radiance of
Cosmic Soul,
The Past and Future seemed
a Perfect Whole
Wherein the Hosts de-
parted and to Come
Their Being held beyond old
Time's control.

XCVIII

And even as I gazed, from
out that Sphere
A Spirit strayed, and
straightway in the Snare
Of Time was caught, to
languish and to dream
Until the Master shall recall
it There.

XCIX

Can all these wondrous In-
timations be
But phantoms of a Poet's
ecstasy?
Begone — dark Prophet!
Thought is creative,
Soul is the Ultimate Real-
ity!



c

For I remember once by
Karnak's pile,
Amid the shadows of its col-
umned Aisle,
I wept the waste to see,
and wept for those
Who reared this sculptured
Glory of the Nile;

C I

When suddenly a Face I
chanced to see —
A gentle goddess lost in
Reverie
Of old Remembrances, her
eyes adream
Seemed meditating on
Eternity.

C II

And through her eyes I saw
the Pageant wend —
Of mighty Kings that did
with Kings contend,
The Pomp and Power,
and the Weal and Woe
Of countless Millions, in the
prospect blend!

C III

I cried aloud — O thou
Divinity!
Whence came that smile of
sweet serenity
That beamed on Pharoah
as upon me Now —
Did Mortal give thee Im-
mortality?

CIV

Hast thou then gained what
thy Designer sought
In vain? A Soul! Which he
divinely wrought
To give thee immortality
Below!
Did Genius fashion this and
pass to Nought!

CV

Is't all but Dreams and Dust,
and Destiny
At random venture and wild
revelry?
Locked in the Star-Dust
when no Mind there
was,
Till Chance — the Wizard —
found the fatal Key!

CVI

If Chance unto the Void
Life's mandate flung,
Creation trembling on the
Balance hung,
And in that Hazard there
was cast my Soul,
And there from Nothing my
Existence wrung!

CVII

If Fate be Chance and Des-
tiny its Game,
And forth from Senseless
Nothing leapt the Flame
Of Life; — e'en so, Be-
loved, may not this
Chance
Repeat the Process, and thy
Presence claim —

CVIII

Once more, in some New
Universe To Be
That waits its sure and
wondrous Destiny,
Where Time and Chance
shall set the Scene
again
And to the Drama summon
You and Me!

CIX

And thus may every Combi-
nation set
Be set again, in the Eternal
fret
And moil of Matter in
Infinity!
Once caught, why not again
— in Chance's net?

CX

Behold the Stars! And in
their Glory drown
Doubt and Despair, and all
the Brood that frown
On Faith; let Exultation
rise supreme
And read a Promise not to
Logic known!

CXI

I sometimes think these
Stars above my head
Are blest Abodes of the un-
numbered Dead
That wend their Heav'n-
ward way from Sphere
to Sphere,
And find in each a Paradise
to tread.

CXII

Would'st thou then find thy
lost Love — seek her
There!
Mayhap thou'l meet her
waiting for thee, where
Some statelier Sun illumes
a nobler World
Of Beings radiant and sur-
passing fair.

cxiii

These myriad Worlds, so wondrous to the view,
May not One hold to our sad Search the clue?
May not there be in this Immensity
Some Garden where Earth's fairest Dreams come True?

cxiv

And though no Door responds to Reason's key,
Who is it dares to say what "Cannot Be,"
Or swears a single Hope impossible
In the vast Chances of Eternity!

cxv

This Universe — this One stupendous Whole
Of mighty Systems that in splendor roll,
Who dare deny in all this Heav'nly space
One little Spot of Refuge for the Soul!

CXVI

For it is bound to us — yon
Milky Way,
By Cosmic Law and kinship
of the Clay;
He that apportioned It of
Life and Light
Will not consign my Being
to decay!

CXVII

And He that set this mighty
Arch of Light,
And winged its Systems for
harmonious flight,
And sempiternal placed
each Atom there —
Will not consign my Soul to
endless Night!

CXVIII

Life's meaning! Hast thou
not read it — why then
Thou hast not lived! These
multitudes of Men
That went Before, they
left the Record clear —
That Clay is of the Earth,
the Soul of Heav-n!

cxix

They Came and Went;
veiled in the Flesh they
came,
Their Bodies of the Dust
were made; that same
Dumb Dust, that Starry,
Deathless Dust, not less
Than when they gave it
meaning and a Name!

cxx

And if on Dust thou call'st
to explain,
Methinks the Dust might
give the Answer plain—
“I am nor more nor less
than what I am,
As Spirit finds and leaves me
I remain!”

cxxi

Man's Prayers, and Miracles,
You do decry—
“For in the face of Nature's
Laws they fly!”
Yet dare you say the
Maker of the Law
May not His Law suspend?
Then tell me why?

CXXII

“Nature is just,” you vow,
“Her Scales are fair,
Her Balance gives to This or
That its share,
And with undeviating
Equity
Rules Sea and dew-drop,
mote and Starry sphere.”

CXXIII

Ah! but Her Scales were not
for Soul designed
But for Her own—Her Mat-
ter dumb and blind;—
Her Laws, unless by Deity
devised
Mock at the Soul and flout
the ardent Mind!

CXXIV

No Hell, they cry, “save
what exists in fear.”
Be still my Heart, the Secret
draweth near!
Find them a Hell they’ll
grant to us a Heaven;
Behold O Doubter, Lo—thy
Hell is Here!

CXXV

“A Myth,” ye say, “our happiness to quell,
We ask no Heaven and we fear no Hell!”
Yet shall You not escape,
for IT is HERE!
And 'ere thou goest thou
shalt know it well!

CXXVI

Scan the dark Record that
the Ages yield
Of Pride, and Lust, and
sanguinary field;
Of Martyrdom, and Torture,
and Despair,
And gaping Wounds that
Time has never healed!

CXXVII

O Earth — Step-Mother of
the harsh control!
Remorseless thou dost take
thy grievous Toll
Of Tears and Travail for
the meagre fare
Thou givest thine adopted
Child — the Soul!

CXXVIII

Merciless Mother of the
Flood and Flame!
What anguished Multitudes
have cursed thy Name,
As seared and crushed by
thy relentless hand
They felt thy Rage — that
knows nor truce nor
shame!

CXXIX

See! In thy bosom Nero —
there at rest
Amid his victims, and thine
equal guest!
There lie they all — or
Monster or a Saint,
Adream in dusty Peace; O
dreadful Jest!

CXXX

O cold and bitter Step-
Mother! We sue
That Higher Court above
thy Vault of Blue!
From thy Blind judgment
we appeal our Case
And plead the Court of Souls
for its review!

CXXXI

Yet not unmindful of thy
Favors shown
Is he who pens the Writ, for
he hath known
Thy Joys. Yet not for thy
Vast cruelty
May all thy Glories and thy
Gifts atone!

CXXXII

Dark is the Record in thy
Bosom pent
O Earth! Much didst thou
promise of Content,
But Dust was all thou
gavest in the End —
Dust for the Vile, Dust for
the Innocent!

CXXXIII

Me and my Love, yon Bird
upon the bough,
Between thy Stony heart
and Starry brow
To Dust thou'l grind Us,
as thou grindest all!
We know thy Treachery,
alas — we Know!

CXXXIV

Yet there be Two thy grinding
 may not wear,
For Sleep and Death are
 ever Young and Fair,
The Healer and Restorer
 of thy work
Formed of no Flesh thy cruel
 fangs may tear.



cxxxv

Blest Thanatos—Restorer of
the Soul,
Not over Thee Time's Jug-
gernath doth roll!
Like to thy sister Sleep —
thy Ministry
Is all Divine, and not of
Time's control!

cxxxvi

Upon Life's Mount we stand, yet still they rise —

The Hills of Hope that tower to the Skies,
And though their Summits here we may not see,
We shall behold them with Immortal eyes!

cxxxvii

These bonds of Flesh that bind thee here below,
They shall be sundered, that thy Soul may grow
Unto that compass by its God designed;
And not till then shalt thou the Secret know!

cxxxviii

What is Man's Wisdom 'mid these Mysteries
Of Causes bent to unknown Purposes?

Some Rules and Tables scratched upon a Leaf
Of Time flung on a Ball of Dirt — it is!

CXXXIX

A little Knowledge gathered
by his Tribe
For boastful Argument or
Diatribes,
An Infant's babble of its
treasured toys —
Flaunted with p o m p o u s
mien by Fool or Scribe!

CXL

What is it all but the moil of
a Mite
'Mid Mountains to move?
And what is the Sight
Of a Worm of the Ground
that gazes around
And sees not the Day — and
knows but the Night?

CXLI

This Clay, this Dust, this
M a t t e r d u m b and
blind —
'Tis the Soul's dream, the
pageantry of Mind!
Else were it Cause and
Result Self-contained —
A Self within Itself it cannot
find!

CXLII

TODAY and **YESTERDAY**
mark Time's decay
Whereof the Soul knows
not; **THAT** is alway
Nor more nor less than
what it Was and Is;
TOMORROW is part of the
Soul's **TO-DAY**!

CXLIII

For if Man hath no Soul
what then is He
More than his corpse? O
solemn Mystery!
All that was There before
it Here remains;
And what then was that
Conscious Entity?

CXLIV

Ask not the Winds that o'er
the Meadows pass,
Ask not the Rain, the Sun-
shine, or the Grass,
These heed no Question
and no Answer give;
Your Earth is iron and your
Sky is brass!

CXLV

This marble Image prone —
this lifeless Clay —
Whither the Tenant that has
passed away?
The Soul that beamed
from out those glassy
eyes —
'Tis clear That has no share
in this decay!

CXLVI

Two-fold w a s this Being;
give Earth its own,
But claim not for the Dust
that Spirit flown,
For IT has fled to sweep
with tireless wing
The Morning Skies that
circle Heaven's Throne!

CXLVII

If Past and Future, Now, is
Nought, — you say —
Than He that passed but
this late Hour away,
Not less than one Unborn
is He, not more
Than Him lost in a Thous-
and Year's decay!

CXLVIII

But if you still persist they
Both are Nought,
Then is your Wisdom bare,
and dearly bought,
For if your All be Now —
a Moment's span —
Vain is the knowledge by
your cunning caught!

CXLIX

Take Nought from Nothing
— what will there re-
main?
Add Nought to Nothing —
what is then your gain?
Recount, divide or multi-
ply your Sum —
The task in Nothing ends;
'tis all in vain!

CL

For H A S B E E N minus
NEVER plus TO BE
Totals your NOW, itself
illusory;
A grim Phantasmagoria
of Time
That sums the measure of
absurdity!

CLI

Nor deem because by
Logic's aid I press
The Argument, its force is
then the less,
First tell what prompted
Reason to the task
'Ere ye pronounce my Creed
an empty guess.

CLII

But should Annihilation end
the View,
What is there then — for-
sooth — for Me to rue?
Nor shall your after Mock-
ery offend —
But how with You if all of
It be True!

CLIII

Nor will I seek in Wine false
strength to brave
My fate, playing the part of
fool or knave;
I shall go clean and clear-
eyed to the end —
I shall go chaste and sober
to my Grave!

CLIV

Some for a Paradise on earth contend,
And some there are who will no credit lend
To earthly Paradise, or Heav'n, or Hell,
And stumble blindly to their hopeless end.

CLV

O Scorer — make the most of thy short stay,
The Ground is gaping for its kindred Clay!
Let Faith and Hope and Charity be Ours,
The glorious Hazard, THAT is Mine Today!

CLVI

Thus am I better fortified to strive
Than You with all that Logic can contrive,
All that is yours I have,
with More, to make
Me brave in Death and nobler perhaps in Life!

CLVII

What does your Learning
and its quest reveal
Of Fate's grim Mystery of
Woe and Weal?

The Heart's devotion
sheds a clearer Light!
'Tis well to Know, but bet-
ter still to Feel.

CLVIII

The Heart moves on when
Sense is lost in Sleep,
Oft leaps exultant where the
Mind doth creep —
It beats its protest at sad
Reason's doubts;
Firmer the Bridge it casts
athwart the Deep.

CLIX

Let Faith and Hope their
sacred Signs invent!
I'd rather yield them all my
Soul's assent
Than hold that monstrous
creed—a Godless world,
And Human creatures on no
Mission bent.

CLX

Ye of the cursed creed of
"Might is Right,"
Ye may too late discern that
"Right is Might,"
Finding Hell's legions
stronger than thine own,
And Angels mightier still in
Virtue's fight!

CLXI

With "Might is Right" your
impious battle-cry
Ye press and smite, and God
and man defy;
So may ye learn the blast-
ing might of Hell,
And power of Heav'n, that
creed to satisfy!

CLXII

Is there below a Monster
more accurst
Than he that can from hun-
ger cold and thirst
Withhold the coin that
might the pang assuage,
And live the best while
smiling on the worst?

CLXIII

O thou that gatherest the
Golden hoard
By hook or crook, by trick-
ery or fraud,
What wilt thou purchase
with thy riches, Friend?
In what Eternal Bank is it
all stored?

CLXIV

Think you to revel at the
Feast of Life
Unmindful of the want and
anguish rife
Without thy gates, nor
pay the Reckoning—
Nor bear thy portion in the
grievous strife!

CLXV

Ah—your's the cursed heart
that can deny
The widow's portion or the
orphan's cry—
Decline a pittance to a
dire distress
And look on famine with un-
pitying eye!

CLXVI

Feast well thy Gluttony at
board and mart,
For thou ere long will of the
Dust be part,
And Earth will lighten and
Hell groan with joy
When Death shall frown and
still thy Miser heart!

CLXVII

This Worldly Trust you set
your soul upon —
It shall breed reptile Hor-
rors, and anon,
The Harvest you shall
gather will be swarms
To fang Death's barb, when
Life's brief day is done!

CLXVIII

For me — I give my mite,
and giving grieve
My poverty, that has not
more to give;
Holding no privilege more
blest than that
Which may a fellow-
creature's need relieve.



CLXIX

For Love, and Mercy, Rapture, Charity,
Are tokens of the Soul's Divinity,
Above the Mind's analysis they stand —
Beacons of Faith and Immortality!

CLXX

But if in moments of despair
and trial
You cannot with God's
Mercy reconcile —
The Tragedies and Hor-
rors of the Earth
That seem to banish Provi-
dence, the while;

CLXXI

So that thy Heart is torn,
thy Soul dismayed
At the grim pageantry of
Sin arrayed —
The monstrous Mournful-
ness of all the Past
With its red Record, and old
Debts unpaid;

CLXXII

At Virtue crushed and Vice
victorious,
At Blasphemers about, con-
temptuous
Of all the Sacred Promises
and Hopes,
Who mocking, swear the
Grave takes All of us!

CLXXXIII

Peace to thy Soul! It is not
thine affair,
Thee and thy Conscience,
these thine only care!
Art Thou to Judge and
settle for the World?
Nay! Each in time will an-
swer—Here or There!

CLXXXIV

'Tis not for Thee to portion
Praise or Blame,
To measure Justice, or dis-
pute the Claim;
Thou know'st not which
way that Pilgrim went,
Thou know'st not which way
this Pilgrim came!

CLXXXV

What is the Sum to thee?
Canst thou not see
That all the Sorrow and the
Misery
Of these vast Multitudes
beneath the Moon—
It is not more than thine
own Doom— to thee!

CLXXVI

The Joy and Sorrow of a
single Soul
That makes the Pilgrimage
and pays the Toll —
It is nor more nor less
than All Of It!
The Tragedy of One sums
up the Whole.

CLXXVII

Grant me, O Lord, but
strength mine own to
bear,
Give me the Faith that will
not brook Despair,
Look down in Mercy on
my frailties,
My sins forgive, and take my
dying Prayer!

CLXXVIII

For Thou dost Live and
Reign! I read the Sign
Writ clear o'er All in char-
acters Divine;
In the deep pathos of our
Earthly quest,
Or in the Stars that with
Thy Glory shine —

CLXXIX

I know the Truth! Yet was
it still more clear
In blest Compassion's
glance, and Pity's tear;
In the Soul-eloquence of
Virtue's voice
And in her mien when Death
was drawing near.

CLXXX

Aye! On sweet Human faces
have I read —
God lives in Souls by Saintly
purpose led,
I've seen the Light reflect-
ed from Above
Upon the face of such when
Life had fled.

CLXXXI

I've read it in a Mother's
soft caress,
In Love's bright eye agleam
with tenderness,
And in the smile that
marks the Infant's
dream,
And in the Faith that noble
Souls profess.

CLXXXII

By those that with Unrighteousness contend
And stand undaunted Virtue to defend,
By Angel heart in Human form enshrined —
I know the Soul shall unto Him ascend!

CLXXXIII

By those that from on High their Wisdom draw
And humbly bend their Maker to adore,
By all these Things I read the mighty Truth —
God Lives and Reigns, Here, Now, and Evermore!

CLXXXIV

No more with Doubt beset therefore lament
Thy lot, nor rage with impious discontent;
Suffice the Master knows, and of His Plan
Thou art a Part, and to His Purpose bent!

CLXXXV

The Seas may rise, the
Earthquake thunders
roll,
Old Earth be drowned, or
rent from pole to pole,
And dreadful Darkness
blot Creation's face —
Yet through that Darkness
One shall lead my Soul!

CLXXXVI

“No lingering Ages of de-
crepitude
With euthanasia for Earth's
Evil brood,”
But He shall come in
Majesty and Wrath
To sift the Souls of Men and
crush Hell's feud!

CLXXXVII

“His Hand Omnipotent shall
rend the Clay
And push the Elements
aside, that they
No more shall stand be-
tween his Face and
those
Whom He shall come to
Judge — on that Last
Day!”

CLXXXVIII

But if You still deride the
pious Plan
And hold the worship for
Mankind is "Man,"
Yet would I point to
Christ upon the
Mount—
Holding Him peerless since
the World began!

CLXXXIX

Let Pedants urge their
Logic to explain
That Jesus and the Prophets
lived in vain;
Show first my Soul a
kinder Creed than this
Which bursts the Grave and
cleanses from all stain!

cxc

It matters not that Mockers
may decry,
And worldly-Wise the
Miracle deny!
The Creed of Christ by
noblest Souls professed
Is Man's supreme Appeal to
God on High.

cxci

If for some Purpose 'twas by
God decreed
That for His seeking Man
should make a Creed,
Then He'll fulfill the Hope
by Man proposed
When on His Son they
called their Souls to
lead!

cxcii

"A Legend and a Myth,
man-made," ye cry;
Show me a better then to
satisfy
The Soul's Desire! And
if there be a God
In any Heaven, this Myth
He'll justify!

cxciii

Though other Creeds have
held some share of
Truth,
Yet have they died. This
wears Immortal youth,
Summing them all — the
Fountain of all Good,
Holding alike all Men in
Heaven's Ruth!

CXCIV

He lived and died! And God
will justify
The Witnesses that stand to
testify
To the Messiah's Mission
and His Truth!
Man's holiest Hope the Lord
will not deny.

CXCV

And when at last I near
Death's sombre Vale,
My Prayer shall be to Him
who will not fail
My need. So will I front
the mortal Dart
With level glance that will
nor dare nor quail.

CXCVI

Ah, my Beloved, when with
tearful eye
You breathe my name, or
hold your vigil nigh
The daisied turf 'neath
where I lie adream —
Methinks my cold dumb
Clay would hear your
sigh;

CXCVII

And strive to work once
more the olden spell
Of Love within your heart,
and burn to tell
The solemn Secret which
it learned at last,
And to your question whis-
per — “All is Well!”

CXCVIII

For when anear the Poet’s
starry bed
Comes Life and Love with
light and ling’ring tread,
His dreaming Dust would
thrill to list their vows,
And joy to know their pres-
ence overhead!

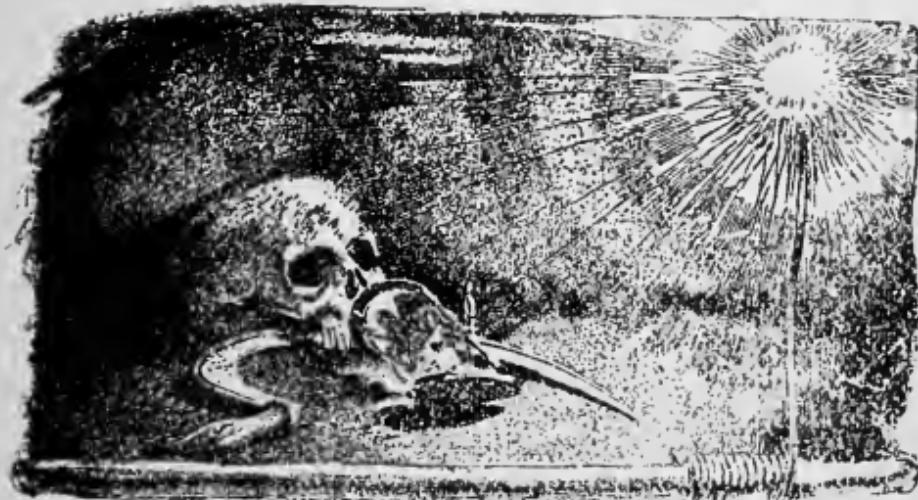
CXCIX

O brother - Poet, of the
TIME TO BE!
Who shall in turn dispute
the Mystery,
Breathe thou a Prayer o’er
my forgotten Clay,
Deal gently with my Verse,
and tell of Me —

cc

When unto Death Sin's Penalty I paid,
And in the Dust my lifeless Clay was laid,
I did descend, with Trust in Christ to Rise;
Firm in that Faith I fell — and unafraid!

Amen.









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